

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1891.

VOLUME XXVI.—NO. 7.

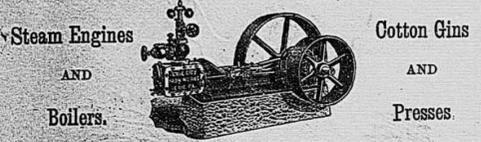
THE LITTLE BOY'S SPEECH!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—My worthy opponents have endeavored to discourage you by telling you of the low price of cotton, but let me entreat you not to stop to look at the dark side of this thing, but go to the GREAT HARGAIN HOUSE

And see what a great heap of things they are offering for such a little money. Oil 14c. per gallon, Axle Grease 5c. per box, Candy 10c. per pound, and oh! so many things, but I have not the room here to tell you of.

D. C. BROWN & BRO.

MACHINERY! PROGRESS!



Steam Engines AND Cotton Gins AND Presses AND Boilers.

THE CELEBRATED SMITH GIN, With Feeders and Condensers.

THIS GIN partakes of the BEST FEATURES in others, and corrects the DEFECTS in all.

RUBBER and LEATHER BELTING, Sold under a positive guarantee that will protect every buyer.

By recent special contracts with Manufacturers we are in shape to compete with the world. All we ask for is a fair opportunity and no favors.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, IMPLEMENTS, &c., In such quantity and variety as to give us the lead not only in Anderson but in this State.

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, AND FINISHED BUILDING LUMBER, A SPECIALTY.

SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.

Buggies, Buggies, BUGGIES!

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK AND ARRIVING DAILY A LARGE STOCK OF BUGGIES.

Tyson & Jones' Celebrated Buggies, Made in North Carolina, are the best sold in this market. They are superior in material, style, workmanship and finish to any other make, and present, with their elegant silver mountings, a very neat appearance, besides combining durability and strength with lightness and easy riding qualities. In fact, there cannot be said too much in their praise, and all we ask for is to come and see them before buying elsewhere.

The well-known Haydock Rice Coil Spring Buggies, Of which we have sold so many during the past two seasons, have given universal satisfaction, and the demand for them is constantly increasing. They are conceded to be the easiest riding Buggies made, and less tiresome for long distance travels than any other. We keep a complete stock of these constantly on hand.

Besides the foregoing we have a variety of other manufactures, and are therefore prepared to suit all classes of trade.

Prices Low and Terms to Suit Purchasers. We also keep a large assortment of all kinds of—

HARNESS FOR SALE. Before buying elsewhere be sure and call and examine our stock and prices.

SILVESTER BLECKLEY COMPANY.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for this column should be addressed to C. WARDLAW, School Commissioner, Anderson, S. C.

MEMORY GEMS.

"I have wasted time, and now time doth waste me." "What would the dying sinner give For one more Sabbath day to live?"

We want every Trustee in the County to meet in this office on Saturday in September. Let us consult with each other. Be sure to come.

Mr. W. M. Riley and Miss Ella Kay have a large and flourishing school at New Prospect, in Centerville Township. It is a subscription school, too. They are doing good work.

Mr. W. H. Shearer is doing faithful work at Flat Rock School. He is a deserving, well qualified and earnest teacher. No risk is taken in committing a child to his care and training.

The two Memory Gems at the head of this column should be carefully pondered and fully comprehended by every one, and especially by the young. Waste not your time, and be not wasted by time.

Miss Lucy Gambrell is teaching a subscribed school at Dorchester, three miles west of Belton. Everywhere Miss Lucy has taught she is very much liked, and has been very successful. She has a large school, and is doing a large work. The community is fortunate that secures her services.

"The Board of Trustees shall hold a regular session in their School District at least two weeks before the commencement of any and every school term, for the transaction of any and all business necessary to the prosperity of the schools." This is an extract from the school law. Trustees are sworn to discharge their duty according to law. Study the school law and see that it is enforced.

We trust next year no school will be taken just for the public term, unless it can be so arranged that the public term will last eight months, as it does in one District. This strikes us as the best way to run the public schools. The Trustees should so arrange it that the schools will run the full term. Of course they could not pay teachers enough to justify them to teach, but the parents can come up with subscriptions and supplement the public fund. This has been tried and works well.

The annual catalogue of the Honea Path High School is before us. It is well arranged, neatly printed, and shows a very successful session. There were 222 pupils enrolled during the session of 1890 and 1891. We are glad to see this good undertaking crowned with so great success. Prof. J. B. Watkins, the able and efficient principal, is assisted by four who know how to do good work in the school room. The Honea Path High School is a safe place at which to educate your boys and girls. The standard is high, and the work thorough.

The three schools in Broadway Township, taught by Misses Zella Campbell, Allie Major and Lizzie H. Anderson, are three as good schools as can be found in the County. These young ladies are doing a work that is appreciated, and that will aid wonderfully in raising the people of this Township to a higher plane of intelligence and civilization. The work in these schools demonstrates what teachers can do. Finally, the teachers will be rightly appreciated. One of these teachers told us she had never lost a dollar of her tuition charges. Neither of these teach for what the public pays, but have their regular terms, and credit the patrons with what public funds they receive. Hurrah for Broadway schools!

The school at Calhoun, in Belton Township, has as teacher Miss Mary E. Henderson, one of the most enthusiastic teachers we have ever met. She is full of energy, and a faithful and efficient worker. The school house is kept neat and clean, and the pupils have well prepared lessons. Calhoun is one of the best locations in the County for a school, and the people are well able to pay for the education of their children. The plan for a school at Calhoun should be changed a little. The patrons should make up, as it is termed, a school, each subscribing as many scholars as will be sent, at a fixed rate of tuition, and let the school run at least eight months. The teacher will draw the public funds and give credit for it to the patrons, and thus diminish their subscribed tuition.

Neatness in Girls.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them; and people don't expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.—Christian at Work.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill Bros.

Tennyson is earning \$30,000 a year out of his poetry.

BILL ARP.

He Discourses upon the Unhappy Condition of the Rich.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Qui fit Macenas" is nearly all the Latin I remember. It is the beginning of an ode that Horace wrote nearly two thousand years ago. He was ruminating over the dissatisfaction of mankind with their lot, their condition, their occupation, and he wondered why it was that most everybody imagined his own case a hard one, and that other people were better off. Ever since then history has been repeating itself over and over again. It is the same in the town and country. The humble tenant who rents land thinks he would be happy if he owned it. The farmer who owns his farm would be happy if he had a few more acres that join him. Country people imagine that the town-folks have no trouble, and the town-folks long to be rich and live in a city.

We are all looking over the fence into our neighbor's premises and envy their better condition. If our neighbor has ice, we want ice. If he has a carriage, we want a carriage. But the truth is that the rich man is no happier, for he, too, wants something he hasn't got, and so it goes. Vanderbilt won't be any happier in his six-million-dollar palace that he is building at Asheville, than his humble gardener, who lives in a cottage.

The wrong in building it is that the palace becomes dead capital. Of course the six millions were all paid out for labor and are still in circulation, but the money could have been paid out for something of more use than a house for one family to live in. It would have built a thousand houses for the poor in New York. That is what Peabody did with his money in London. Mr. Kiser has just completed a grand building in Atlanta. It cost him a hundred thousand dollars, but it was wanted, is already occupied by the Terminal railroad for offices.

The house is not dead, nor the railroad, either. Rents will accumulate and build another house, and the railroad will carry us and our products all over this great country. There is nothing wrong about that. It is a fair and honorable business. If a millionaire should choose to spend a million dollars in skyrocketing just to see the fun, it would be a sin. Croesus or some other rich man once gave a feast, and the principal dish was humming birds' tongues that cost half a million dollars to get them. That, too, was a sin, and it is the follies of the rich that make the poor so mad, and keep up the strife between capital and labor. A swell family riding 200 yards to church in a thousand dollar carriage provokes bad thoughts and ripens the fruit of revolution. The question goes round: "How did they get all that money? I never see them work any."

Now, if the common people only knew how little of real happiness was to be found in the homes of the rich, they would not be envious nor covetous. There are more closets in large houses than small ones, and therefore more skeletons. There is a rat's nest under every carriage seat and moth in every real skin and a prowling thief watching the silver on every table. The devil is asleep in the rich man's parlor waiting for his children. His lips follow them to the saloon and the gambling table and the brothel. Not long ago I met a friend—a friend of my youth. He has worked hard and made a fortune, and is still working hard for more, and the lines of toil and trouble are set deep in his face. "How are your boys doing?" said I. "Not worth a d—n," said he. Of course not. They had no inducement. They never heard their father talk anything but money, and they knew that when he died they would have enough. They were just waiting. And yet there are poor folks who envy him and would exchange places with him. Now, if a poor man, who lives in the country, could only know and realize the security that his poverty and his location gives to his children, the security against the temptations that lurk around the towns and cities, the devilish snares that beset society and destroy the peace and happiness of its members, he would thank God for his good fortune. The law of compensation comes into every situation in life. A good man will not murmur at his poverty. The man who brings me wood hauls it six miles. His capital stock is his lot of poor land, his mule and plow, a wagon and yoke of steers, his ax and his strong arms. His children are being raised to work, for he sets them a good example. He comes with a cheerful smile, and if the rain catches him he makes no complaint. He has a cow and some hogs, and his wife raises chickens and sells apples and eggs and potatoes. That man is a good citizen and his children are likely to be. He has no case in court, and does not complain if drawn on the jury or summoned to work on the road. That family enjoys their food and rest, and when Sunday comes they go to the unpretending country church and listen to the counsels of the man of God and go home thankful to their Heavenly Father for his goodness. This is the picture. Can a painter or a poet draw a better one? Indeed, these are the pictures that painters and poets love to draw. Tom Moore said:

Above the green elms that a cottage was near, And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world, A heart that was humble might hope for it here."

Gray wrote his elegy in memory of the humble cottages, and Burns' best poem was "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

Samuel Rogers was rich, but the wish of his heart was

Mine be a cot beside the hill.

And Goldsmith—poor, miserable, delightful Goldsmith—paid tribute to the humble peasantry of England when he wrote his best companions—innocence and health.

And his best riches—ignorance of wealth. The average farmer's life makes no display in the world, and it was never intended that it should. A man has done his duty when he has filled his station according to his capacity. There is but

PLUNKETT'S LETTER.

The Old Man Tells of Old-Time Ways.

Atlanta Constitution.

I read an editorial in the Constitution last week upon the importance of Southern farmers using improved machinery. It put me to studying and made me think of what water has and of what now is—of what has been, what is, and the possibilities of the near future.

The generation before me used cow horns for plows and ramble for traces. They watched closely for hours of the best shape to use in plowing, and they were stuck upon the round footed plow-stocks and used as we now use the iron plow.

We outgrew the "horn period" pretty quick, and then came the "scoter" or "bull tongue" plow. This was the invention of blacksmithing a most desirable trade. Many now living can remember when the rural districts were full of these workers in iron, but their business, like that of wagon makers, etc., has been concentrated at manufacturing centers till there is a mighty poor showing for a common country blacksmith; you can buy a new plow now cheaper than you can have an "re-laid." Machinery has done this, but who of my age would have thought it.

The old two-wheeled ox-cart, the wheels sawed out big trees, is another thing they use here, but we soon outgrew that, and every crossroads has a man that could "turn" and "mortise" a hub for spokes, and we soon had the regular old high-wheeled ox-cart that many now living can remember. A couple of ball casters in them days were prized, for it meant a yoke of oxen in short time—as an ox-cart is a thing of the past and a bull calf is only thought of as fit for veal, and who of my age would have thought it?

After the ox-cart period we come to saddles. Saddles for men and saddles for women, and mules and horses were ridden by both sexes as a great improvement over the jolting carts; but the wagon and then the buggy took the place of horseback riding, and have their place up to the present, but how long before these will be numbered with the things that were in more than I can tell, for steam and electricity is with us and it looks as if they are to supersede all other locomotion.

This brings us up to the present, and looking back, can any old folk see any relaxation of anxiety brought about by all these changes? Of course a fellow who does not keep up with the procession must go to the wall, but is there better morsels, easier living or happier homes?

When I pass among the crowded tenements in the manufacturing districts of the cities, I cannot help but think of the cooling breezes that utter fan the cheeks of the blacksmith's children beneath the spreading trees of a country home. The pale-faced girls and boys who drink at the city hydrants and pant like lizards in the city's heat, are in sad contrast to the boys and girls that utter romp in the groves and drink from the crystal springs in days gone by.

But so it progress, it must be, and it is every fellow's business to keep along with it, but I study over it and now and then I set down and try to figure out as to where it is to end and as to what will be the consequence.

The Hon. George Geddes, well known throughout the United States as a practical and scientific farmer, says of the clover: "If our soils require improving, we turn the clover crops under and repeat the operation until there is sufficient fertility to allow us to carry the clover off. The oftener we can fill the soil with roots and then plow them under, and thus allow them to rot, the sooner do we expect to get our land in condition to bear a crop of grain. A very considerable part of the cultivated land in Central and Western New York has never had any other manuring than this clover and gypsum, and its fertility is not diminishing." He states that he had a field, which for seven years he had been manured with nothing except clover grown upon it, and plowed in and that this field had produced wheat, corn, oats, barley and grass. The clover thus used had, for fifty years, been regularly treated with gypsum, and that the land was constantly increasing in fertility.

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How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Best and Cheapest Method of Improving Worn-out Lands.

The following is an essay by Maj. Howard Swineford, read before the Tuckahoe Farmers' Club, and published in the Southern Planter.

To the practical farmer there is no more interesting or important subject than the best method of restoring worn-out lands. The fact that they are worn out implies that they were once fertile and producing crops. Such lands are worthy the attention of the farmer, and are more easily brought back to their former value and fertility than to cultivate lands naturally poor and which require building up and constant feeding.

While these may seem too poor to grow even a crop of stunted weeds, yet there are elements in the soil which are ready to do good service when permitted to do so. For instance, as long as the seed lies dormant in the land you cannot kill it; but make the soil mellow by turning it up for the action of the life-giving sun, air, and showers, then notice, if you will, the generation of millions of weed seeds.

This vital help of nature's ever ready laboratory is what every farmer has when building up the waste places. The first growth of volunteer vegetation may not be strong, but the turning of this small crop of weeds will furnish more strength to each successive crop. If this be repeated a number of times, the land will at last have received sufficient substance to furnish food for other crops. This, however, a slow process, but within the reach of all, for the thorough breaking up of the soil is all that is needed—nature does the rest.

The application of manures and fertilizers of various kinds in large quantities is a more speedy process, but also an expensive one; and while it may be the best for the aggressive farmer, it is not the cheapest, and this is one of the points asked after in our subject, and one of immense importance to the average farmer.

The practice of growing crops for the purpose of plowing them under to fertilize the soil is one that, in my opinion, has a very much greater advantage than any other, and there is no better way of cheaply improving it than this. To procure a sufficient supply of manure is, at the best, a very costly process, but a crop that may be easily grown in a few months and then turned under, may furnish to the soil as much fertilizing matter as eight or ten tons of manure per acre, and this process may be repeated several times in one year.

Manuring with green crops is not only the most economical, but, to most lands, one of the surest and most speedy means of improving the texture and fertilizing properties of the soil. Besides the mellowing and better fitting for producing other crops. Various crops are used for this purpose; some of course, are more valuable than others. If we may be permitted to place two at the head of the list as most valuable, we would name red clover and the cowpeas, the former for general use and the latter as best suited to this locality. Among the numerous other crops used for this purpose are buckwheat, rye, oats, corn and millet.

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—There are nearly 6,000 pieces in a modern locomotive.

—Nine men out of ten love women; the tenth loves a woman.

—Of the twelve largest cities in the world three are in Japan.

—A herd of eighty-five buffalo will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

—Chief Justice Lucius, of West Virginia, is said to be only 4 feet high.

—The United States collects \$639 and spends \$461 every minute of the night and day.

—India, it is estimated will produce 110,000,000 pounds of tea during the coming season.

—The receipts of the French treasury are larger than those of any other civilized nation.

—One sheet of paper recently made was eight feet wide and seven and three-quarter miles long.

—Men who cover themselves with glory, sometimes find, after all, that they are very thinly clad.

—If the devil can get a man to worship himself he don't care how much he goes to Church.

—For every man who knows more than he tells, there are fifty who tell more than they know.

—Edna Davis, a child, fell over a precipice 150 feet high, in Washington, and was only slightly hurt.

—It is estimated that the yield of wheat in Oregon will be 1,000,000 bushels more than last year.

—Missouri is the most populous State west of the Mississippi, and is nearly as big as all New England.

—Texas has a Fat Man's Association, the initiation fee of which is a cent a pound. Men who weigh less than 225 pounds are ineligible to membership.

—There is something significant in the fact that the Wyoming Legislature, which imposes a tax of two dollars on bachelors, was elected by woman's suffrage.

—The biggest orange tree in Louisiana is in Terrebonne parish. It is 15 feet in circumference and 50 feet high. The yield this year is expected to reach 10,000 oranges.

—Ingalls says the political leaders are cowards. They are afraid to say what they think for fear they might offend their constituents. There is a good deal of truth in this.

Most Mothers Know Her.

We are all acquainted with her, the woman who never goes, who drops in for a call in the busiest part of the morning—it little matters whether it is washing day or ironing day. It is all the same to her. Your iron may grow cold and the clothes may boil over, but still she stays. She usually mentions that she has dropped in on a little errand. It is probably a borrowing errand. Only after she has exhausted your patience and produced as much demoralization in your household as she can is she ready to go.

But oh, the going! If you have any idea that she is really going you are quite certain to be disappointed. She comes back to tell you about some neighbor you had never seen or ever desired to see, to explain the whys and wherefores of certain goings on in the neighborhood, in which you take no interest, and then she lingers at the door and keeps you standing far beyond your strength. It is impossible to calculate the time that is wasted by well meaning women in such ways as these.

It would be an excellent thing if calls of all kinds could in some way be limited to a ten minute rule. In the social world among women of leisure it is considered in bad form to lengthen one's visit beyond a set period, and when a woman has numerous acquaintances she usually has a visiting day and can be certain of freedom from interruption during the rest of her time. There is considerable excuse for the much abused "not at home," which is frequently used by women of society, and which simply means not at home to visitors, or engaged, and there is no reason for any one's taking offence in the matter.

Only working women, the busy farmers' wives or women who do their own work, are subject to the annoyance of the announced visitor, who is bound by no social law as to her arrival or departure or her length of stay. She is one uncertain quantity in all the routine of the household. It would take a keen mathematician to calculate the amount of spoiled dinners, spoiled washing and actual loss of money value for which she is responsible, to say nothing of the loss of temper and general misery consequent upon a